PHILATELISTS WHO GATHER THEM NUMEROUS AND ENTHUSIASTIC.

Fortunes in Collections-High Priced Stamps-Rare U. S. Issues-Varieties Not Sold to the Public.

beauty or a joy forever, but to the philatelist it is both, at least if it be a rare variety. Philatelist is a word that has only lately received recognition by the standard dictionaries; it means one who makes a collection of stamps, and designates a class numerous throughout the world, but especially so in the United States. To the uninitiated it seems almost incredible that this hobby possesses at least fifty American periodicals devoted entirely to its inevery city whose sole occupation it is to buy and sell stamps for collections, some of them claiming sales aggregating \$100,000 yearly, and that it sustains a half dozen national societies with large memberships; yet all this is true.

And talk about cranks! Your genuine stamp fiend (for so he has been nicknamed) could give points to the baseball or bicycle enthusiast and beat him so badly that the latter's zeal would seem of an Arctic temperature. But, after all, he is not a bad sort of a fellow. There is no disputing about tastes, and there is something about the postage stamp that gives | the popularity of the hobby. It is said that it great fascination as the object of collection. This is shown by the widely varied classes whence these philatelists are drawn. The larger number of them is made of schoolboys, but wealthy business men, clergymen, lawyers and physicians are often found to be devoted to the pursuit. The royal families of the world contribute not a few collectors, among them the King of Siam, the girl Queen of Holland and the Duke of Edinburgh.

The finest collection ever gathered was that of the late T. A. Tapling, a former member of the English House of Commons. This pursuit engrossed much of his time, and he had at least one clerk constantly employed in attending to his philatelic correspondence. Mr. Tapling left his stamps, estimated to be worth \$500,000, to the British Museum, where they are now exhibited. M. Phillipe von Ferrapy, of Paris, son of the late Duchess of Galliera, is the prince-of living stamp collectors. He is a man of great wealth, and has spent enormous sums in the pursuit of this hobby. Competent judges have estimated his collections to be worth from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000. They are carefully preserved in a steel room, thoroughly fire and burglar

There are also many valuable collections in this country, although none that rival the ones just mentioned. The late A. Gerald Hull, millionaire broker and capitalist, possessed one of the best of them. By his will it came into possession of his fifteenyear-old daughter, who is said to have refused \$47,000 offered for it by a New York dealer. It has been estimated that their present rate of increase will cause these stamps to more than double in value by the time this young lady comes of age. Not a bad investment; government bonds would not prove half as profitable, if this calculation is correct.

Both George and Fiwin Gould have figured as philatelists, and bought some valuable stamps in the, time, but the present status of their collections is not known

There are between three and four hundred separate countries and colonies that either do issue, or have issued, postage stamps, and the total number of regular varieties recognized is close to thirty thousand. By far the larger part of these bring but trilling prices as objects of collection when cancelled. A thousand of the commoner varieties from the whole world may be bought for \$10 or less, and not one-half of the number catalogued will bring as much as 25 cents each.

HIGH-PRICED STAMPS.

The large sums represented by the great collections mentioned are mainly invested in a few varieties that are held at enormous prices. Costliest, perhaps, amongst these are the first two stamps issued by the British colony of Mauritius, specimens of the pair recently brought \$3,400 at a stamp auction held in London

An amusing item about one of these famous stamps went the rounds of the press a year or two ago, and well satirized the extreme devotion of philatelists to their hobby. An English collector advertised; "Wanted-To make the acquaintance of a young lady stamp collector, and not averse to matrimony. She must also possess a specimen of the Maritius two-penny blue of first issue." Notice the beautiful blending of amorousness and philatolic zeal. Several early stamps of British Guinea

bring from \$900 to \$1,000 each. The Sandwich islands, Moldavia and Afghanistan are

something of the kind, enabling them to

The market value of a stamp depends solely, of course, upon the law of demand were manufactured, and are yet preserved. For instance, a specimen of the first adcents. On the other hand, certain varieties States stamps bring, in general, higher prices than equally rare ones of other in 1847, but two or three years before that time the postmasters of several cities adopted stamps of their own to certify that postage had been prepaid. Nearly all another, belonging to Millbury, at \$1,000, specimen or two from New York and Provrieties of considerable rarity. Amongst them are the ninety-eight departmental present penalty envelopes. Stamps of the Treasury, War and Postoffice Departments of the Navy, Justice and State Departments are mostly rare to-day. The issue of the Ave is the scarcest stamp ever issued by the government. It has brought nearly

HIGH DENOMINATIONS. Comparatively few know that we issue other country in the world. They are the newspaper and periodical emissions, which range through a set of twenty-five denomiin existence. These are not sold to the public, but only used by postmasters, who affix them to blank forms in amounts equal to tage paid by publishers and news both.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS | dealers on second-class matter, then cancel and forward them to Washington, where they are destroyed. As a consequence these stamps can only surreptitously come into the possession of collectors. But a large number of them is constantly found on the philatelic market; the results, it is supposed of postoffice thefts and the complaisance

The recent Columbian stamps have excited more interest than any others ever issued in this country. They have been much criticised, and have almost taken rank with the mother-in-law and other An old and often dirty postage stamp is standbys as butts of journalistic wit. But not to the average man either a thing of | it cannot be denied that they were beauti-

of certain postmasters who sell these

coveted labels to friends despite the law.

ful. They have also proved a profitable venture for Uncle Sam. It is estimated that a million dollars' worth of them, uncancelled, has been taken by collectors, which represents that much clear gain to the Postoffice Department. Many other countries have lately issued

commemorative stamps. A haif dozen South and Central American countries have their Columbia sets, more or less closely patterned after ours. Then, too, Japan celeterests; that it supports dealers in nearly | brated the recent silver wedding of the Emperor by a special set of stamps; Hong Kong and Shanghai have their jubilee issues after fifty years' continuance of their present forms of municipal government, and Portugal has gone the quarto-centennial Columbian celebrations one better, and has an elaborately designed set of stamps to celebrate the five-hundredth anniversary of the earliest expedition sent out from her shores for discovery.

Most countries use characteristic and often artistic designs upon their ordinary stamps, so that the beauty of a well-arranged collection of these in part explains many artists who are not philatelists in the ordinary sense, yet gather the more beautiful stamps unused that they may

study their designs. The main element in the popularity of philately is, however, its human interest. Postage stamps are a good running commentary on modern history and geography. They teach little directly about these things, but powerfully stimulate curiosity and interest concerning them. It is a rare thing to find a collector who does not possess a greater than ordinary fund of information about these matters.

ssued by England in 1840. It is true that as far back as 1653 something that has been called a stamp was for a short time used on letters to indicate that postage had been prepaid, but for all practical purposes stamps were really invented by Sir Rowland Hill and first used in the year mentioned. Stamp collectors first appear on the theater of history ten years later, and have constantly increased in numbers during all the time since that date. Lately the influence of philately in stimulating the young. especially, to take interest in modern history and geography has been more widely recognized, and the pursuit is generally favored on that account by parents and educators. It is therefore not too much to predict that this, already probably the most generally practiced form of collecting, will continue to increase the number of its de-

AGAINST CHINESE PIRATES.

A Story of Adventure Told of a Boston Boy.

Youth's Companion. "Always go straight forward, and if you meet the devil cut him in two and go bepieces." A Boston boy thirteen years old, delicately brought up, was going to sea, and this was the advice given him by an older cousin who had been to sea before him. The older cousin was Mr. James Sturgis. "He was a man of marked character," says Mr. Julian Sturgis, "but it seems to me that to be a man of marked character was, perhaps, to be a typical New Englander." He was born at Barnstable, on Cape Cod, went to sea at sixteen, and was soon in command of a ship.

His voyages to China and India were among the first which opened that Boston commerce with the East, which grew strong and brought a curious glow of the Orient into gray New England homes. As a young captain in command of the Atahualpa, which belonged to Mr. Theodore Lyman, he was the hero of an adventure which was famous at the time.
The ship had been used in trade with the

Indians of the great Northwest, and for that adventurous service had been pierced for musketry and provided with four sixpounders. She was now to be sent to China, and her owner ordered the cannon to be Chicks up to twelve months old die from left at home, but Captain Sturgis took, various maladies, but seldom after they them, and it was well.

When, after a long voyage, he reached Macao roads, he anchored in a dead calm. Presently he saw a fleet of junks floating down upon him. To satisfy a passenger, who showed some anxiety, he ordered a shot to be thrown across the leading junk, which he took to be the first of a fleet of peaceful fishermen.

On came the fleet of Chinamen-for the junks were those of the desperate pirate Apootsae. The cable was slipped, and the Atahualpa began to move shoreward before a light breeze that had sprung up. But the junks were upon her; and from the first of them the swarming savages tried with long poles and the pilot's hook to catch the end of her spanker boom, and only just failed. Then at close quarters the captain worked his four small cannon and every musket on board, while the junks crowded about his ship with fearful yells, firing jingalls and fire balls upon her

The cruelty of these Chinese pirates was vell known, and Captain Sturgis had barrel of powder ready, with which he told his crew he would blow them all up if the pirates got possession of the ship. In the meantime he plied their crowded junks at short pistol shot with cannon and musketry, and with deadly effect. Slowly his ship moved landward with its swarm of savage enemies. To those on shore its fate seemed certain, and they tried to hold by force the first mate, Daniel Bacon, who had been sent from the ship when there was no thought of

from their hands, and, with his small boat's crew, rowed at full speed to rejoin his beleaguered ship and share her fare. He and his men were got on board while yet the battle raged, and now the ship was within range of the Macao forts, which began to throw their shot also among the eager pirates. The junks drew away and the Atahualpa drifted

into harbor. When the captain got back to Boston with his ship safe and sound there were many praises for his gallant conduct, we may be sure. But Mr. Lyman, the owner, reproved his captain's disobedience in taking the cannon against orders, and made him pay freight on them. 'Obey orders if you break owners," was the duty of a ness" that made the captain fight so stubbornly forbade Mr. Lyman to condone a disobedience simply because it had turned out well.

Sending Cablegrams.

There is a popular impression that cablegrams are sent by hand, as are telegrams, and that they are received in a dark room by signals that flash upon a screen. Such used to be the method of their transmission, but that has now been superseded by

It was found impracticable to transmit printed characters. The four vertical or nearly vertical lines that make our M could not be sent, but two horizontal lines, thus, - -, could be; and, after all, the marks that are set down for this and that sound of the lips and vocal organs are wholly arbitrary. Two horizontal lines are just as appropriate for the sound represent-ed by the thirteenth letter of the alphabat as four nearly perpendicular ones, and they answer the purpose just as well when all know what is intended.

In devising practicable signs for the letters two systems were made. One of these systems is in use throughout all America and Canada, and the other system through-out the remainder of the world. The United States and Canadian lines, therefore, stand States and Canadian lines, therefore, stand apart from all other lines in the world in the matter of a telegraph alphabet.

The difference between these alphabets is solely in the employment of the space between the parts of one and the same letter. For example, the letter y is

There are four points or dots, but they are separated by a space. That is the American Y. It was rejected by the Europeans on the ground that it would be liable to confusion with parts of preceding or folconfusion with parts of preceding or following letters, and -. place. As a matter of practice, however, o more mistakes occur with one system

ON AN AFRICAN FARM

THE BUSINESS OF RAISING OS-TRICHES FOR THEIR FEATHERS,

How the Wild Birds Are Caught and Tamed-Savage Creatures That Often Attack the Farmers.

Strand Magazine. South Africa is a country unlike any other on the globe. The general character is flat and sandy, relieved only by long, low, rocky sierras. These mountain ranges are the salvation of the landscape. Their craggy outlines are carved into a thousand abrupt and striking forms, their heads are constantly haunted by low-lying clouds of vapor, which the contending sun and wind draw together and disperse. Their sides are hollowed into ravines, or "kloofs," and painted by the clear distance into a perfect argosy of changing hues. The apparently

parched and sandy flats are covered by dif-

ferent varieties of dwarf bush, which are

nibbled by the sheep.

A dry and arid prospect, and it is hard to conceive every inch of it is loaded below with vegetable life ready to shoot after the first rains of spring into a wealth of verdant grasses. Here and there dotted about on these flats can be seen the white farm buildings nestling among the trees - an oasis in the desert, in fact. These green spots can be seen for miles and miles away. with the whitewashed buildings glittering in the sun. Foliage is only to be seen around the homesteads and occasionally at an isolated fountain. The veldt all around is cheeriess and naked, without so much as a rag of vegetation to cover it, and the eye hungers for a tree: the bones or stones stick painfully out, a sight for the geologist, not the artist.

You arrive at the homestead, a square, red brick building, with a sigh of relief, and glad to be out of the blinding glare and sandy plain. On every homestead the same familiar sights meet the eye. On the one side of the house stand the kraals; on the other the shed and wagon house. In front stands the dam, adjoining the vegetable garden and lands, with further As before mentioned, stamps were first away the camp, Behind the house are shop, where the niggers are rationed. In the camp run the large stock, cattle, ostriches and horses; and on the flats and mountains the sheep and goads. In this article I shall confine my remarks to os-

To our friends at home the ostrich is the center of interest in South African farming, and it is the ostrich alone that excites every one's curiosity and makes them take an interest in the life. So let me here give you some idea of the birds, with their ways and manner of conducting themselves

A well-fenced and secure inclosure is a luxury in the colony, and is only to be met with on the wealthier farms, the own-ers of which can afford to keep them in repair, and to place in them stock of the nore expensive kinds. Every ostrich farmer has his camp, which varies in size considerably, from 3,000 to

3,000 acres, and in it he keeps his 300 or 500 birds, as well as a few cattle and horses. A camp is always selected as being the best piece of grazing ground on the farm, and capable of holding more stock in proportion than any other part of the farm. Here the birds remain year in and year out, and are only collected and brought together, on the average, once every four

These occasions are, let us say, in June, to pluck the prime feathers. By these we eighteen to twenty in each wing, eight or nine fancy feathers and a few long blacks, all taken at the same time. Four months later the stumps of these feathers are drawn out, and two months later againthat is, six months after the primes-the short blacks and tail feathers are taken. Of these it is impossible to give any accurate number. As a rule, you pluck as many as possible without inflicting pain on the bird, and at the same time leaving enough to keep out the cold.
WILD BIRDS TIMID.

An ostrich, like most other animals, in its wild state is terribly afraid of man or of any unfamiliar sight, and flees at the appearance of anything new to its ken. When becomes master of the situation. From June up to September, or, in fact, till Christmas, thousands of chicks are reared every year, and thousands meet with death every year from some sort of accident. are full grown are they the victims of any sickness, death usually resulting from a broken leg, killed fighting, or from scar-city of food in times of drought.

The nest of an ostrich is a very crude affair, consisting simply of a round hollow carved out in the sandy ground. Some imes the female bird may be seen scratchng in the ground preparatory to laying her first egg; but this is not often the case, the hollow generally being made by the continuous sitting of the birds on the one spot. One pair of birds will lay from ten to twenty eggs; but, as is often the case, three or four birds will lay in the one nest, thus making the number of eggs up to seventy or eighty. These, of course, have to be weeded out, as a bird cannot comfortably cover more than sixteen eggs. the remainder being thrown on one sid and left to decay.

Forty-four days is the recognized time to allow for hatching. When a nest is hatched out the family are taken out of the camp and brought to the homestead to be tamed the farm hands, and are housed at night out of the reach of wild animals. During the summer months they will do well, but in winter, when food becomes scarcer, must be fed morning and evening on barley or

t is during the breeding season that the male becomes so savage, and his note of defiance-"brooming," as the Dutch call it -is heard night and day. The bird inflates his neck in a cobra-like fashion and gives are short, but the third very prolonged. Lion hunters all agree in asserting that the roar of the king of beasts and the most foolish of birds resemble one another al-most exactly. When the birds are properly savage they become a great source of amusement-or, as some think, of danger. Certainly, to be overtaken all on a sudden without time for preparation by a cheeky bird is one of the greatest ills flesh is heir to, and might result disastrously to the unnitiated, but old hands are always all

there on an emergency.

Undoubtedly the best weapon—barring a wire fence—is a good stout stick or blunt pitchfork. As a rule, if a bird means to have your life or die in the attempt, he cobra, he makes four or five strikes. You retreat a pace or two, so as to avoid the fork piercing through his neck, and hold him off at arm's length till he learns that his efforts are useless. Drawing the fork sharply away, you strike him a blow on the neck, rendering him insensible and taking away his breath. This quiets him for a while, till he recovers from his be-wilderment and makes a fresh charge, when the fork is again presented.

FIERCE FIGHTERS. twice receiving the prongs of the fork and will stand up to the bird, there is no fear of an accident. As he charges take care to have your horse well in hand, and as the bird makes his first strike. catch him by the neck and hold on for all vou're worth, till the bird becomes exhausted from want of breath and falls. The female bird is seldom vicious. When she has a nest or brood of young chicks one must be prepared, but her manner of charging and whole demeanor is a very mild affair compared to the male's.

What would result supposing three or four birds tackled you at once? It is a



WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence; O its then's the times a feller is a-feelin' With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

When the frost is on the punkin and the

They's something kindo' harty-like about When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here-Of course we miss the flowers, and blossoms on the trees, the mumble of the hummin'-birds and the buzzin' of the bees; But the air's so appetizin'; and the land-scape through the haze Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly

Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin'

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.



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JOHN RAUCH, Manufacturer, Indianapolis.



The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of And the raspin of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries-kindo' lonesome-like, but still A-preachin' sermuns to us of the barns they growed to fill; The strawstack in the medder, and the The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover O it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps Is poured around the celler-floor in red and And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and
theyr souse and saussage, too; I don't know how to tell it-but ef sich a thing could be As the angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole indurin' flock.
When the frost is on the punkin and the -James Whitcomb Riley.



ence of "De Boss van de Plaats," the domesticated it becomes docile, and after a time assumes a position of authority and to which they have wandered. Warfare, of course, is largely indulged in. It is immaterial to an ostrich if there be one or fifty against him, he fights just as merrily. There exists a traveler's tale at home that, as soon as an ostrich catches sight of a human being, he turns tail and bolts in an opposite direction to hide his head in the sand. Another fallacy, equally devoid of foundation, is the belief that the female leaves her eggs in the sand to be hatched out in the sun. This is not so. The male and female sit alternately for forty-four days; the male at night, the female during the daytime. As an article of food an ostrich egg is, to my taste, the most nauseous of dishes, and far more suitable as an effective weapon in Chinese or political warafare than to grace a breakfast table.

From all one had heard previous to becoming oneself an owner of ostriches, the actual plucking of the birds is very uninteresting and disappointing. The birds are all huddled together in a kraal-when every bird becomes as meek as a lamb-and are caught one by one; a bag or stocking is placed over the head and neck, while two experienced niggers clip the feathers. During winter the birds must be attended to and carefully watched, as sometimes the weather is very inclement for weeks together—the thermometer often registering ten degrees of frost—and birds are apt to fall off in condition. If a bird once begins to sink in condition the greatest difficulty is experienced in getting him right again, and often no amount of extra

feeding will pull him through. SOLDIERS OF THE ALPS. and Their Hardy Training.

There is scarcely a body of troops in to the imagination than the French chasseurs who guard the long line of the Alps, His cap hanging lightly over his ear, his rifle strapped across his knapsack, his open tunic showing his sun-burned neck, his waist encircled by his wide blue sash and his muscular catoes swathed in the woolen bands, the Alpine chasseur, careless of the weight of his heavy marching equipments, picks his way easily along the rocky cliff, treading solidly over the rock from which the iron of his alpenstock strikes out sparks, and gazes far down into the ravines with the deep eye of a mountaineer. Perhaps he dreams while he keeps guard, for the life is one favorable to contemplation as well as hardihood, and very likely this touch of sentiment attracts the recruits who come charges from about thirty yards, when you receive him at the bayonet's point. He rushes at you with flashing eyes, looking the very embodiment of fury. Drawing himself up to a height of ten feet or more, with wings outstretched and hissing like ing all his own. The first thing taught to the famous corps from the great cities, though these men are in a minority, for most of the men are recruited among the mighty mountains which they guard.

The Alpine chasseur undergoes a training all his own. The first thing taught to most of the men are recruited among the the young recruit or to the young officer fresh from the academy is that his new life demands of him special obligations. The youth's morals must be carefully cultivated, for he is in constant danger of vertigo, slips and false steps; all traces of timidity must be eradicated. As for falls, there are numerous mortal accidents every year. A stone turns beneath the foot, a crevasse opens in the snow, a peg rolls across the precipice; against such catastrophes there is no guarding. It is so with the landslides, which happen in every season of the year from the rains. Three years ago in the valley of the Tinee three chasseurs of the rear guard of the Twentythird Battalion were thus swept away, their companions escaping but by a few seconds. And the avalanches and the deadly vertigo, which will suddenly seize on the hardiest men, and the foolhardy feats undertaken from bravado. Truly it is a life of constant peril. There are no book rules for the special tactics of marches and conflicts, but a body

of tradition based on the experience of past wars and the annual maneuvers is the guide. These are early taught to the chasseur, and he is made free of a valuable lesson, that the sun, the stars and a pock-etful of compasses are of no earthly use to him; what he needs to know is the lay of the land and the trend of the mountains and valleys and ranges. The chasseurs leave winter quarters a the beginning of summer for three months campaigning in the mountains-that is the

four birds tackled you at once? It is a very rare occurrence for more than one bird to charge at a time. Should three or four male birds all imagine at one particular moment that you are the meat of each one of them separately, they first of all tackle one another, the conqueror fighting you.

Collecting birds for plucking is always a great day on the farm. Orders are given over night to the Kaffirs and Hottentots to catch every available riding horse and have them saddled up and ready next morning at sunrise. This is done, and every "boy" on the farm who can find a horse is mounted, and a regular calvacade enters the camp under the superintend-

gentle murmur that whispers among the branches, a distant rolling sound, whose muffled hum does not hush the ripple of the brook? There is fighting in the valley across the range. The column advances undisturbed, and scarcely has it gone a hundred paces higher than the din breaks out with intolerable force, and the projecting rocks hurl it pitilessly in your ears. The advance guard is engaged, and you already smell powder. The mountain has deceived you again. gentle murmur that whispers among the

And what difficult fighting it is. The battalion comes on in Indian file and spreads out in open order among the rocks, firing as it advances in broken, irregular front. All at once the enemy appears in force. A retreat is hastily ordered and the column makes the best of its way back again in Indian file once more. Suddenly there is a halt. What has happened on the rear guard? A piece has fallen or a land-slide has blocked the way. The engineers go hastily to work, and soon is heard the explosion of a dynamite cartridge and the way is clear again. Nor is the chasseur battling only against man, but with the and in summer the furnace-like ravines where no air stirs, and whose rocks have been blanched by the pitiless sun. Fortunately for him these very dangers will diminish the occasions for combat between himself and his hardy rival on the Italian side if war breaks out between the two countries, for men cannot fight each other when nature has decided to make war with them. Between the French and the Italian chasseurs, by the way, there is great emulation and respect. They sometimes meet on the frontier line during maneuvers, and it has frequently happened that they have sat down to a meal together at a table whose legs are carefully planted two in France and two in Italy, with the simple soldierly dishes and the country wine in

The New Football Rules. New York Evening Sun.

The changes in the rules for this year make any effort to infer anything from the work of the various elevens last year sheer folly, for they completely change the game. Last year it was a closed game; this year it will be an open game. The chief changes in the rules are in making it imperative to start the game with a kick-off and the abolition of heavy mass plays. The effect of these changes is obvious.

The first will make the possession of the

The first will make the possession of the ball at the opening of the game of no special advantage, for it will go to the opposite side on the first play. The second will spoil to a large extent interference play. In fact, the trend of the new rules is to force a kick at every possible opportunity—to make football a kicking game and a field for individual work—and, a well-known graduate of one of the big game and a field for individual work—and, a well-known graduate of one of the big universities remarked this morning, no one would be surprised to find the colleges playing according to the English university rules within a very few years.

As a result of the new rules, elevens will have to be rated from a somewhat different standpoint. Last year a strong center was looked upon as the bulwark of strength. To Yale's comparatively weak center was ascribed her defeat by Princeton. This year it will be the full-backs and half-backs upon whom, to a great extent, will depend the issue of the games. Of course, strong centers are still a most desirable factor, but they will no longer have to withstand the onslaught of a small army, for the rules prohibit the massing of more than three players for a wedge.

In connection with the new rules it has been alleged that Walter Camp "worked" the committee in Yale's interest—that he simply proposed the amendments and the committee adopted them. On the other hand, it may be stated, on the authority of one who knew all about the workings of the committee, that Walter Camp failed to obtain the very changes he most desired, and that the present changes were chiefly the work of other brains.

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